

FINAL RESULTS EDITION

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The

EVENING EDITION

World.

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"Circulation Books Open to All."

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NEW YORK, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1906.

FEIGNS DEATH AS HUSBAND WHO SHOT HER KILLS HIMSELF

Wounded Mrs. O'Rourke Lay on Couch Afraid to Breathe Until Sure Husband's Wound Was Fatal.

MORRIS PARK WOMAN THEN CRAWLED TO POLICEMAN.

"I Think I'll Kill You Now," Electrician Said to Her as She Sat Before Fire—"Don't Kill Me On Christmas," She Pleaded In Vain.

"I think I'll kill you now," remarked the electrician, John J. O'Rourke, a well-to-do young electrician, of No. 76 Dennington avenue, Morris Park, L. I., gave his wife shortly after midnight to-day. He fired two shots into her head and after watching her for half an hour while she feigned death he put a bullet into his own brain.

The O'Rourkes occupied a comfortable house and John had a good business, but he didn't get along well with his handsome wife Mary. She had him arrested last week for threatening to kill her and he was placed under bonds of \$1,000 to keep the peace.

They were alone in the house last night and the story of the tragedy is told by Mrs. O'Rourke. She says the evening had been pleasant. Shortly after midnight she was seated in a Morris chair by the fire and her husband was at a table near by. Her back was turned to him. There had been no conversation for possibly half an hour.

She Pleaded In Vain. "I think I'll kill you now," remarked O'Rourke, quietly, and she turned to see him with a pistol in his hand. "Not on Christmas Day, John," she pleaded.

Without replying he raised the pistol and fired twice. Both bullets struck her in the forehead as she sat in the chair. One ranged upward under the scalp, the other buried itself in the skull. The wounds bled plentifully, and to this fact Mrs. O'Rourke doubtless owes her life.

O'Rourke picked her up from the Morris chair and carried her to a couch on the other side of the room. She was conscious, and from remarks she heard him mutter to himself she gathered that he believed she was dead. If she betrayed any signs of life she feared he would shoot again, so she feigned death. O'Rourke sat by the side of the couch watching her and talking to himself for about half an hour. The house is separated from other dwellings, there was a high wind blowing and no one had heard the shots. The woman heard O'Rourke get up, step to the middle of the room and fire again. Then she heard him fall.

Although he had killed himself instantly, she did not know it. She thought, perhaps, he was lying on the floor, wounded like herself, with the pistol in his hand, watching her. So she kept quiet and listened.

There was no sound in the room but she found she tried to stifle the sound of her own breathing. Listen as she would, she could detect no sign of life in her husband. Finally, after more than two hours, she ventured to open her eyes and steal a glance at the floor.

Her husband was lying there, facing her, with his eyes wide open and staring. The pistol was on the floor beside him. She felt that he was dead, but she took no chances, and not for half an hour more did she venture to move.

When at last she gathered courage to seek to escape she slipped from the couch and crawled from the room. She was too weak to stand, but when she got out into the fresh air she gained strength.

A policeman named Roberts, attached to the Richmond Hill precinct, lives near the O'Rourke residence. To the home of the policeman she made her way, passing other houses. Roberts was awakened by her, and opened the door, to be confronted by a gory apparition that sank at his feet.

With the aid of his wife the policeman revived the wounded woman, and she told him of the horrible experience she had gone through. He dressed him self in his uniform and went to the O'Rourke home. The front door was open. He walked through the hall to the dining-room and found the body on the floor.

Wife May Recover. Mrs. O'Rourke was removed to the home of a friend, where a surgeon examined her. The wounds were not serious, but complications set in, she would recover. The only fear is that the bullet which sustained while her husband sat by to see if she was dead, a sign of life, will have a deterrent effect. About four days ago Mrs. O'Rourke

LEITER'S AUTO RUNS DOWN BOY AND KILLS HIM

Millionaire in Car With Mother and Guests as Fatality Occurs.

GOES TO VICTIM'S AID.

Mrs. Leiter Much Affected as She Views Corpse on Street in Washington.

CHAUFFEUR IS ARRESTED

Party, Among Whom Were Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Remington, Go to Police Station with Him.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25.—The sixty horse-power touring car of Joseph Leiter, in which were riding Mr. Leiter, Mrs. Levi Z. Leiter and Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Remington, of New York, today ran down and instantly killed Samuel West, a fourteen-year-old negro boy.

Mrs. Leiter and Mrs. Remington were greatly affected by the accident.

Charles H. Raymond, the chauffeur, was arrested and the entire party went to the Tenth Precinct Police Station, where Raymond was paroled in custody of an officer in order that Mr. Leiter and his party might be conveyed to the Leiter residence.

The accident happened on Columbia Heights, near Fourteenth street and Columbia road. The big machine was closely following a street car, and just before Columbia road was reached the boy, who was riding on the car, jumped off and was almost immediately struck by the automobile.

The wheels ran over the boy's head. The machine was stopped and Joseph Leiter picked the body up, at the same time directing that physicians be summoned. Life, however, was extinct. Mrs. Leiter at once took steps to locate the parents of the boy.

BROKER'S AUTO TURNS TURTLE; TWO ARE HURT

Robert H. Simpson and Chauffeur Injured in Accident on Broadway.

Robert H. Simpson, a stockbroker, of No. 2 East Forty-fifth street, and his chauffeur, William J. Daly, of No. 2 East One Hundred and First street, were painfully injured this afternoon at Broadway and Sixty-second street in an automobile accident. While skirting an excavation at that point their touring car ran up too far on a bank of dirt and turned turtle. Mr. Simpson and his chauffeur were pinioned under the machine when it turned over.

Patrolman Keegan, of the West Sixty-eighth street station, witnessed the accident, and, with the help of bystanders, righted the car.

Daly, the chauffeur, although suffering pain, insisted on running the car which was uninjured to the hospital, and taking his employer there. Mr. Simpson was apparently suffering from the shock, and sustained severe lacerations of the head and face.

On the way to the hospital the automobile met the Roosevelt Hospital ambulance in charge of Dr. Archibald. Disdaining the doctor's aid, the machine and ambulance raced to the hospital.

EIGHTEEN INJURED IN CHRISTMAS WRECK.

Passengers Victims in Collision of Trains on the Big Four Road.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Dec. 25.—Eighteen passengers were injured early today when the east-bound Big Four train due here at 8:15 A. M. ran into the rear of freight train No. 86 in the western part of the city. The crew of the passenger train jumped and escaped injury. The most seriously hurt were: Miss Alice King, Horeham, O.; Susie Kallier and Mrs. Mary Redmond, both of Osborne.

Three freight cars were demolished and the engineer of the passenger train was slightly damaged. The engineer of the passenger engine says the brakes failed to work.

DROPS DEAD FROM COUGHING. James Larkin, fifty years old, dropped dead in his home at No. 120 Freeman street, The Bronx, to-day, after being attacked by a violent coughing spell.

WIFE OF RICH DOCTOR HELD IN COURT ON ROBBERY CHARGE

Mrs. Trautman and the Man Who Accuses Her of Remarkable Crime.



LATEST NEWS.

LITE WINNERS AT NEW ORLEANS.

Third Race—Lady Esther—(6 to 5 and 1 to 3) 1. Juggler (2 to 5 for place) 2. Orbiular 3.

BIG FIRE IN DENVER.

DENVER, Dec. 25.—The Ernest and Cramer Building, one of the largest buildings in Denver, is on fire. It is an eight-story brick and stone structure and cost over \$500,000. On the top floor of the building there was a law library valued at between \$30,000 and \$40,000. This has been destroyed.

AGED WOMAN DIES AFTER CHRISTMAS CALL.

Returning home after a pleasant day spent in Christmas calls a long old New York friends, Martha Sharp, seventy-four years old, of Orange, N. J., this afternoon dropped dead in front of No. 457 plumbus avenue, while waiting for a car. Her death was due to heart failure.

Wife of Dr. Alexander Trautman Appears Without Legal Aid or Assistance of Her Family and the Case Goes Over Until Thursday.

HER ACCUSER REPEATS HIS AMAZING STORY OF HOLD-UP

Prisoner Makes Emphatic Denial and Calls It a Terrible Mistake—Husband Not in Court When Wife Is Arraigned Before Magistrate.

Whatever basis of fact there may be in the amazing charges of theft preferred against Mrs. Jeanne Trautman, wife of Dr. Alexander Trautman, a physician of social prominence and wealth, living at No. 369 Lexington avenue, her husband displays surprising inaction in the case.

While in the prison of the Tenderloin station, where she was locked up after Peter J. Hogan, a young stenographer, had singled her out in a shopping throng as the woman who had lured him into a Fifth avenue hallway and robbed him of \$13, the woman sent telegrams and telephone messages to her husband.

GREAT CROWD SEES POSING WIN FIRST EVENT

Christmas Handicap at Fair Grounds Draws a Big Holiday Throng.

NEW ORLEANS RESULTS.

FIRST RACE—Posing (10 to 1 and 4 to 1) 1. Tsara (7 to 1 and 5 to 2) 2. Fancy Dress 3.

SECOND RACE—Colloquy (4 to 5 and out) 1. Tudor (8 to 5 for place) 2. Fantastic 3.

(Special to The Evening World.) FAIR GROUNDS, NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 25.—The record crowd of the present season came out to the track this afternoon attracted by a cracking good field in the Christmas Handicap at a mile and a sixteenth and five other good races. The weather was clear and fast and the crowd filled the grounds to overflowing. Betting was a difficult problem, and it was hard work to obtain even standing room on the grand stand.

The Christmas Handicap furnished a rattling good field. The weights were so evenly adjusted that none of the original starters were withdrawn, but there were three added in Hannibal Boy, Don't Ask Me and Besterling. A fast field of two-year-olds were carded in the second race, and a small but fast field met in the third race at way burling fancy dress a length for the place.

Posing went to the front, made all the running and won easily by a length from Tsara, which was second all the way, beating Fancy Dress a length for the place.

SECOND RACE—Five and a half furlongs. Name, Weight, Jockey, Str. Pl. Colquhoun, 95, Charles, 3, 5.5. Pansicle, 108, J. Hennessy, 4, 7.8. Amelia, 107, F. Martin, 5, 10. Azala, 100, C. Russell, 100, 30. Henry, 102, D. Austin, 40, 10. Bitter, 95, Beckman, 20, 15.

Colquhoun made all the running and won from Tudor, who was second all the way. Fantastic, away poor, was three lengths away.

WEATHER FORECAST.

Forecast for New York City and vicinity: Snow flurries to-night and Wednesday; continued cold; fresh to brisk northwest winds.

Dr. Trautman was at his home at ten o'clock when his wife was frantically appealing for assistance. He did not go to her, but went out and remained away from home until eight o'clock this morning. He saw that the papers were full of his wife's arrest, but he did not go to the Jefferson Market Court to aid her.

At House Party, She Said. The prisoner explained his absence from her side by declaring that he was attending a house party at the home of W. Gould Brokaw at Great Neck, Long Island.

When the case came up Mrs. Trautman was advised by the Court that it would be better not to go into her defense without legal representation, as the complainant had a lawyer to assist him in presenting his charge. The fair prisoner said the accusation against her was so outrageous and preposterous she did not need a lawyer, but friends advised her to have the case adjourned so that she could obtain counsel.

Magistrate Finn consented to the adjournment and put the hearing over until 10 o'clock Thursday, when the physician's wife will call several witnesses to prove that she could not have been at the place where the robbery occurred on Saturday night.

Mrs. Trautman, who is a beautiful Southern woman, handsomely gowned and bearing herself with almost regal dignity, was arrested while shopping at the station house among drunken men and women upon the accusation of Hogan, who is a respected stenographer, of No. 122 West Twentieth street.

The policeman paid no heed to the woman's denial, to her protestation that the charge was preposterous. He needed only the young man who made the astounding declaration that the handsome and dignified society woman had lured him into a hallway, embraced him and picked his pocket. Nor did the officers in the Tenderloin station display any favor for her. They sent her to a cell, where she was kept until 3 o'clock this morning, when Edward Clark Scofield, of No. 131 West Twenty-first street, came to her rescue and bailed her out.

Hogan's Astonishing Story.

The complainant, Hogan, made a detailed statement to an Evening World reporter to-day of the manner in which he declared he was robbed. He said: "After doing a little shopping last Saturday night I started to walk up Fifth avenue to get a little exercise. It was about 10 o'clock and very cold. As I approached the corner of Thirty-fifth street two women came toward me, and the taller one, who was dressed in gray, asked me if I would not go to a hotel with her."

"I replied that I did not have money enough to do that, and she replied that I did not need to have money. She started to walk on when she stopped and said she wanted to talk to me. I told her that it was too cold to stand out in the street talking, whereupon she suggested that we go into a hallway. She said she liked my looks and had something important to tell me."

"I went into the hallway of a photograph studio and as soon as we were in the shadow she threw her arms around my neck and embraced me. She held me for several minutes and then released me, and hurried out on Fifth avenue. She walked swiftly down the street and joined her companion. "I did not follow her, stopping to see if I had been robbed, but when I